

Contrast In Addresses

President Wilson's words are euphonious, his sentences mellifluous, his cadences perfect. You could almost wait to one of his speeches. For ethereal generalizations, Mr. Wilson's addresses are prize winners. Any one who has ever read one of the president's speeches must recognize their frothy quality.

On the other hand, quite frequently his notes to foreign governments are full of meat. Can it be that the president actually says something when he gets angry? Or has the stern faced secretary Lansing taken the president's note writing job away from him?

At any rate, the contrast between the president's addresses and his state papers is too great not to occasion remark.

Not so with Col. Roosevelt. He writes or speaks with equal facility and every sentence means something. It hits like a hammer and drives an idea home.

A type of public man very different from either Mr. Wilson or Col. Roosevelt is Mr. Taft. Neither in writing nor in speaking does Mr. Taft soar. He is not built for soaring. He puts his readers or his audience in a merry humor in the same happy, human way so characteristic of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and then shoots the thought into them and it sticks.

El Paso Shriners and Elks, for the first time in many years, will not be largely represented at the national conventions of the two orders this year. Too busy at home to get away.

We had considerable noise for a "firecrackerless" Fourth.

Conservation Of Men

England is developing some of Germany's capacity for forethought. Hence Sir Rider Haggard's tour of the British overseas dominions in search of lands whereon British soldiers may be colonized after the war when some portion of 5,000,000 men will require employment.

Hundreds of thousands of clerks, factory hands and poorly paid tradesmen now fighting in the trenches and acquiring the spirit of independence will never again go back into their former employments. They will demand something more free, something larger, something less petty, irksome and confining. Great Britain must provide for the future or lose these men, for their minds are expanding with their bodies under incessant training and the pettiness is being burned out of their souls. It cannot be imagined that a soldier who has stormed his way through a thousand death-laden dangers, each time offering up his life for his country, will ever again knuckle down in one of the servile, seedy jobs such as London, Manchester and Liverpool have to offer.

Great Britain's leaders realize this, just as they realize that after the Boer war, 125,000 men from the United Kingdom, among the bravest, most stalwart men the nation owned, emigrated to the United States. Right then, to all intents and purposes, Great Britain lost nearly all those men. They were bound to virtually lose their identity in the United States, most of them probably to become American citizens and to bring into the world sons who would be American citizens.

Such a drain is to great for any nation at any time. Even the United States could ill afford it. Certainly Great Britain, her life blood drained as it has been in this war and as it yet will be before peace comes, cannot

afford another such loss probably many times multiplied.

Therefore, in the midst of war, Great Britain is looking forward to saving her men when peace comes, by locating them on lands within her own dominions, where they may acquire a competence, live happy lives full of accomplishment and bringing up their sons and daughters to maturity—always under the British flag.

Dividend declarations of El Paso's banks reflect the general business conditions of the community, which never were better. The banks are far from being the only institutions in El Paso to declare dividends. All the same, a man fortunate enough to own stock in any of these money cutting banks can combine Thanksgiving with the Fourth of July.

Consul Garcia says war with Mexico would be hell on earth while it lasted. It might be not a great deal worse than that peace which, Col. Roosevelt asserts, "has been raging along the Mexican border with unrestrained violence."

We can't blame those Massachusetts soldiers for believing the story that it had not rained here in five years; some of us are beginning to feel that way ourselves.

For a man of strong pacifist tendencies, Mr. Baker is making a pretty peppy secretary of war. Perhaps he has had the wisdom to remark to the general staff: "This is your business. Go ahead and run it."

Well, we can be thankful that the warmest weather is past. June is always our hottest month and even that could have been worse.

No More Shelter For Cabral

Gen. Carranza, it is stated in press dispatches, has refused the proffered services of a former opponent, Gen. Juan Cabral, and ordered him deported. In so doing, Gen. Carranza is acting very properly, but if Juan Cabral, as it appears, went back to Mexico with the expectation of fighting against the United States, his deportation from Mexico to this country should not be permitted.

All that Juan Cabral is and all that he has, he owes to the United States. He obtained his education from the University of Arizona. For a considerable period he earned his living under the protection of the United States. When he felt the pressure of Mexican warfare no longer attractive, he sought refuge in the United States. At Tucson, then, he undertook newspaper work, which gave him subsistence, later venturing into mining. It was an American mine, under the protection of the American flag, and Cabral is reported to have made a small fortune out of it.

Now, according to reports, he has turned his back on this country and gone to Mexico and offered his services to Carranza to fight his government.

Without going farther into the ingratitude involved in this act, it is patent that Cabral should not again be allowed the protection of this country. If Mexico won't shelter him, let him go to some other country. The United States has protected him long enough, if not too long.

The present county commissioners can point with justifiable pride to many accomplishments that will redound to the credit of the county and all its people.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

What under the sun will all the girls at the summer resorts do for partners.—Providence Journal.

Meat prices know only one dimension; they soar; and they make us sore.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Might as well keep the flag hanging out, whether there is a war with Mexico or not.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) News.

And he is still sounding forth his trumpet that shall never know retreat; and sitting out the hearts of men around his merry seat.—Houston Post.

Wool is bringing from 37 cents to 35 cents per pound, and so far as anybody knows there is no wool to sell. Plant a few sheep.—Brownwood (Texas) News.

Now we last of the great neutrals, may be compelled to ask the few little fellows on the side lines to be strictly neutral in our bout with Mexico.—Chicago News.

The conquest of Mexico would not be in keeping with American civilization. Developing and defending our own vast country will give us enough to do.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"I do not want war," says Gen. Trevino. Probably because he realizes that war with the United States would be a very hot battle for even a pepper-loving Mexican.—New Orleans States.

The negro lads of the Tenth cavalry are said to have sung a rapturous air to the accompaniment of the Mexican machine gun that was shooting them down at Charal. What was the name of that particular rapturous air?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It has been said that every farm ought to be something of an experiment station. Many farms in Texas were such for long years, but with the coming of the big crops the experimental stage and may now be rightfully called demonstration farms. The big crops are the demonstration.—Austin American.

Wisdom Tooth Is a Bright Attempt to Be Funny
It's a Little Joke Sprung Upon Man By Nature

by HOWARD L. RANNEY

THE wisdom tooth is a bright attempt on the part of Nature to be funny with man. Nature is constantly springing little jokes of this character, such as the double-headed calf and the three-legged hen, but when she invented the wisdom tooth she committed a thoughtless and inhuman act.

No good reason has ever been advanced why the wisdom tooth should be allowed to live and litter up the human mouth. It is one of the most poorly located teeth we have, occupying a seat in the nineteenth row of the third balcony, where it cannot hit into anything but the cheek of the wearer. One of the most disappointing experiences a hungry man can have is to aim his teeth at a porterhouse steak, three inches thick and have his wisdom teeth miss the target entirely and maim a perfectly good cheek. Science has long asked why Nature did not locate the wisdom tooth nearer the main traveled road, instead of hanging it

off to one side, where nothing but the inquisitive forefinger of the dentist

can get at it. The wisdom tooth does not come with the rest of the set, but sits back and waits until the mouth has been completely filled with cavity-strewn molars, when it crowds into the end of the seat without any regard for the comfort of those dead to it. A great many people do not cut their wisdom teeth until they get married, which teaches us that marriage should not be entered upon lightly.

Nobody is in favor of the wisdom tooth except members of the dental profession, who find it more profitable than buying building gas at 30 cents per 1000 feet and feeding it to the patient at 50 cents per square yard. It requires more academic ability to fill a cavity in a wisdom tooth than it does to dodge an action for breach of promise, hence our leading dental schools require their graduates to take lessons of some boneless confectionist. The wisdom tooth is like some human virtues which are almost destroyed by the dentist. It should be extracted as soon as it gets noisy.

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has ordered a lot of cones and pebbles as a good many of his subscribers objected to reading the whole paper at one time without stopping. Glimet Creek was out of its banks yesterday and covered a considerable portion of Poke Shaker's farm. Some farmers will be the result, and he will bring suit if he can find out who is to blame.

Fishing has been right dull on Gander creek. The Wild Onion school teacher spent a day recently on the banks of the stream and reports that, while he currently solicited their support in his endeavors and held out every inducement to them, the fish seemed disinclined to take hold of anything he had to offer.

Miss Flutie Belcher, who had her hair put on the program at the musical by request, has had to withdraw from the program on account of a mouse having let all the wind out of her accordion the other night.

The editor of the Tickville Tidings

Yam Sims, who has been riding a

tail, yellow mule for some time past,

has swapped it for a new one, to

conform with the hitching post at

the home of Miss Flutie Belcher.

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Abe Martin



Th' boys down our way are purty much divided on a big stadin' army but unanimous fer plenty o' navy. Circuses are jest beginnin' t' do th' things they advertised they'd do forty years ago.

(Copyright National Newspaper Service.)

Bible Society Gives Away 17,000,000 Bibles
Company K Full of Homesickness and Fight

FOR 100 years the American Bible society has carried on this work of distributing the scriptures without note or comment," said S. Brooks McLane, of Dallas. "During this period they have distributed more than 117,000,000 volumes of scripture in more than 150 languages and several systems of raised letters for the blind. During 1915 they circulated more than 7,000,000 volumes, many of which were sent to the soldiers in the trenches in Europe."

"I have never seen better spirit than that shown by the members of company K, Fourth Texas Infantry from El Paso, who are now stationed at Terlingua to protect the border," said Fred Mendonhall. "The boys have had a great deal of hardship but they have borne them all, and are rapidly becoming efficient soldiers in every particular. Company K was one of the best drilled companies in the entire brigade and believe me they made a good showing for the Paso City when inspected at San Antonio. All of the boys are homesick, but they are full of fighting spirit and cannot receive orders to move toward Mexico too soon."

"The eastern militia regiments are great believers in the efficiency of the

gasoline motor and numerous automobiles accompanied the troops to El Paso," said G. D. Hart. "Practically every company in the regiment has been the recipient of one or more of the automobiles given them by the American Bible society. The boys are very homesick, while the Illinois contingent from Springfield, have a complete platoon of machine guns. In time, if the public will make a little allowance, these boys will be crack soldiers."

"The detachment of the 26th Infantry, in command of Capt. Simonds, stationed at Cotton and Grant avenues in the neighborhood of the army, are doing very well. The boys are very homesick, while the Illinois contingent from Springfield, have a complete platoon of machine guns. In time, if the public will make a little allowance, these boys will be crack soldiers."

an outrage. Our people want music in the parks. We have some fine military bands here, and the officers under whose control they are, are willing they should play for the people. A test case could be made. I venture to say the courts would rule against this aggregation of alleged musicians."

Until the union band reaches a certain standard of proficiency, no one can say that the military bands take bread out of the mouths of worthy musicians when they give free concerts. There's nothing in the contention, and as for the religious services in Cleveland square, it's a very laudable idea that such an outfit should be hired for such occasions. A municipal band, if not well named, it should be called "the Municipal nuisance."

Remsen.

THE "BIG GUNS" OF MEXICO.

Editor El Paso Herald:

In the July 4 issue of your paper appears an article headed "Six Big Guns Seen in Juarez." The article goes on to state that it is thought that they are French "seventy-fives." This is not the first article that has appeared in El Paso papers about the "big guns" in Mexico.

A "seventy-five" is not a big gun. It is practically a three-inch gun. An inch contains 25.4 millimeters. Therefore a seventy-five millimeter gun would measure exactly 2.36 inches, or in other words, such a gun comes within the class known in the U. S. army as "light field artillery." When I was in the city of Mexico in September, 1911, I spent half a day in the arsenal at the national palace and personally inspected the artillery. Again, just after the battle of Tierra Blanca, below Juarez, I inspected the artillery of Villa in Juarez. The largest guns I saw were 150 millimeter in caliber, or a fraction less than four inches. There were very few of these. Most of them were 75 and several were less. It is true that the French "seventy-fives" Mexico bought all her artillery from France. There isn't a gun in all Mexico equal in caliber to our "four point sevens" except the so-called "breches known as "El Nino," and they can't use that for the reason that they have no ammunition in fact, they have only "home made" ammunition for any of their guns and it is not very effective.

Another thing—a high powered rifle, if properly cared for, will wear out and become worthless after 1000 shots have been fired from it. Today there isn't one rifle in 1000 in Carranza's army that will shoot accurately. Why? They are worn out. Many of them are worn so smooth that the grooves in the barrels are barely visible. The fine dust that accumulates in the barrel of the gun scours them out like sand paper and soon ruins them. I have one of these worn-out guns and I can demonstrate to anyone what I have stated.

Our army friends are welcome to this information if they have not already acquired it.

I J. Bush.

The ordinary cost of a Want Ad in the El Paso Herald is 10 cents per line per week. It reaches an average of about 100,000 readers each issue.

The Summer Cold

IN WINTER, when you catch a cold, it seems the same and proper thing; with hosts of coughers you're enrolled, and you can dance and smile and sing! The man who isn't barking then, who doesn't sneeze and wheeze and yip, can't hope to class with other men who revel in the joys of grip. But when you have a summer cold, and cough a streak the long day through, you suffer agonies untold, and there's no sympathy for you. You sit and suffer in your flat, and feel like some back number dame, who wears around a last year's hat, and therefore can't get in the game. And even the druggist who'll dispense his cures, and collar your doubtless, will hint that there is little sense in having colds along in June. The doctor, who in winter days, would soothe you with a kindly smile, remarks he's tired of healing jays who have diseases out of style. The man who has a summer cold no comfort finds beneath the sky; if for a nickel he were sold, he'd think the price was rather high.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)

WALT MASON.

EL PASO HERALD

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 18 years. L. C. Wilmeth is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS, AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, AND AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER—The El Paso Herald was established in March, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sub, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—Daily Herald, per month, 50c; per year, \$5.00. Wednesday and Week-End issues will be mailed for \$2.00 per year.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION—Superior exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press, United Wire and Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Texas, as Second Class Matter.